

know. I'm just here as a friend, to do all I can."

H. M. Noble, the boy's father, who is a contracting plumber, with a city home at No. 289 Decatur street, Brooklyn, appeared not long afterward. He burst into tears at the sight.

Mr. Suydam had just turned away from the kitchen door where the tragic spectacle had struck him dumb when he saw the elderly Mr. Noble entering the flat by the outer door. He asked the Coroner who he might be, for, although Mr. Noble had been a neighbor of his at Blue Point for years, he did not recognize him. The Coroner informed him and he turned to the father of the boy who had brought him so much unhappiness and pressed his hand silently.

Mrs. Noble was dressed only in a silk chemise and a kimono of blue and yellow Japanese design, while Noble wore a pair of dark trousers, a silk shirt, open at the throat and socks. Captain Henry, who had had his men open all of the windows in the apartment, all of which were found closed, the first thing, conducted a search of the apartment for letters or some other clue to the suicide, but found none.

In a bedroom, on the only bed in the apartment, lay Mrs. Noble's outer garments. The bed had not been slept in. In the living room on a centre table lay the bride's fur and hat and young Noble's overcoat. Hat, stick and cigarette case. On the wall of this room over the bookcase hung a large framed photograph of the youthful couple taken shortly after they went to a defendant freedom through society's fetters. In this picture Mrs. Suydam, as she was then, gazed straight and determined at the observer from the depths of a Morris chair, on the arm of which perched the boy of her choice, smiling triumphantly, if self-consciously, his arm extended over the back of the chair.

On the same wall a few feet away hung a large photographic portrait of "Billie," as Noble was affectionately known to his sweetheart. And between the two, like a little wedge, stuck a little picture of Suydam, whose domesticity these two had shattered.

Suydam Explains Blank Check. Mr. Suydam, who accompanied the police and the Coroner in their inspection of the premises, came upon a blank check of the Columbia Bank resting on the muff of the wife he had divorced. He picked it up, observing to the Coroner:

"She came to me yesterday and said she wanted to draw out \$100. I gave her this check to fill out, but this is as far as she got, apparently."

Then he pulled an envelope from his pocket and drew from it a number of due bills.

"I took these from her," he said simply.

But perhaps the most interesting of the rooms was that which Mrs. Noble called the "kennels." This was the big front room, where the bride housed her three Pomeranians, one a white, little puppy, six months old, named Pluffles, and the other two black, full grown dogs, which she called Dixie and Weenus. The floor was thick with sawdust and sand, while from three corners peeped three little kennels.

The dogs were not there, however, to be asphyxiated, and it is the manner of their removal, as much as anything else, which leads directly to the supposition that bride and bridegroom deliberately planned their suicide.

The story begins on Friday evening, when, it is believed, young Noble attempted suicide alone and was prevented from carrying out his design by his wife. A woman tenant of the apartment house told Captain Henry that the couple had had a serious quarrel, begun early in the week, which seemed to culminate Friday evening. Suddenly the dispute seemed cut short by a frantic call on the telephone by Mrs. Noble for Dr. Carroll, "Jack," the elevator boy who also attended to the sick room. Dr. Carroll, Dr. Carroll, so Mrs. Suydam had him call another physician, one who lived outside the house. This physician took a little time to arrive, and when he did the couple were lying dead, and he changed their minds and wouldn't let him in.

Sends Messenger for Pets.

On Saturday afternoon both left their apartment about 2 o'clock, normal and calm enough in appearance. Some time later a district messenger boy called for the two black Pomeranians, saying Mrs. Noble had sent him to take them over to her mother's home. In the evening Mr. Serviss received a telegram from Mrs. Noble, which read in substance:

"Please take care of Pluffles. I will probably stay at my mother's to-night."

Serviss immediately went up to the apartment on the third floor and got the puppy, which he carried to his apartment. He didn't regard the request as in any way peculiar, since Pluffles was in the habit of barking and crying through the night unless petted.

About 11 o'clock Noble came back to the house alone, perfectly sober and with apparently nothing about his manner or appearance to excite suspicion. He went immediately to his apartment. No one seems to know when Louise, his wife, returned. Her mother said yesterday she had gone up to her daughter's bedroom in the Lexington avenue house at 10 o'clock and found it empty, to her surprise, but thought Mrs. Noble must have stepped outdoors on some errand. She went to bed, expecting to see her at breakfast.

Mrs. White, through Mr. Suydam, took charge of her daughter's body and also of the furniture and everything else in the apartment, all of which had belonged to Mrs. Noble. Mr. Noble said he wanted only his son's body. Both parents gave the bodies into the charge of Cudahy, the undertaker first summoned, who late in the afternoon had a large black motor bus driven down to the house to receive them.

Mrs. Noble's body was put into an elaborate coffin and lowered in the elevator to the front hall, where it was inclosed in a large oaken box and carried out to the bus. The boy's body, on the other hand, was placed in a wicker basket and placed just above the oaken box containing his wife's body in the

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Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder, is the best medicine for feet, it kills the bacteria that cause the odor of your shoes.

It is sold in the shape of a fine, white powder, which you shake into your shoes.

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WALTER L. SUYDAM, JR.
Who has taken charge of the arrangements for the funeral of his former wife.
(Photo copyright by Press Publishing Company.)

upper compartment of the bus. This all happened about 6 o'clock. Just before the two bodies were carried out Mr. Suydam appeared with a large wreath of lilies-of-the-valley, which he took up to the apartment.

The undertaker said his orders were to convey the boy's body to his undertaking establishment, there to be prepared for burial and to be snipped to-day to Patchogue, Long Island, where the family has a burial plot. He was to proceed with the body of Mrs. Noble to Woodlawn Cemetery and place it in a receiving vault of the White Mausoleum there. He understood the body was to be removed later to Philadelphia and there buried in an old family plot of the Whites.

Shortly before 9 o'clock, three hours after the body of her daughter had been removed from the house, Mrs. White left the apartment occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Noble and was driven quickly away in an automobile. Long after 9 o'clock a crowd of curious persons lingered in the street in front of the house, gazing up at the windows. There was nothing to be seen, but still they lingered.

Friends of the young couple pointed yesterday to several different elements in the situation they had to confront which must inevitably have caused an unhappy ending of the romance which had had such a stormy beginning. In the first place, they said, Mrs. Noble was six years her husband's senior, possessed of an exceptionally forceful personality and an incisive intellect. She dominated him in everything, since he, on the other hand, seemed immature mentally, a big boy with the instincts and interests of a boy, and lacking, also, even a small fraction of the experience, both human and purely social, which had become a part of her.

Dependent on Her Income.

Then, too, Mrs. Noble held the purse strings. Young Noble, whose father owns a little cottage on an acre of ground adjoining the big Suydam estate at Blue Point, was a salesman for a "dustless duster" concern here in the city at the time of the elopement. Shortly afterward he and his job parted company because of the notoriety attendant on his relations with Mrs. Suydam, he said at the time.

Since then he had no job and was dependent on Mrs. Noble's income. He had tried in a desultory way to obtain steady work of some kind. The two had several visionary schemes in mind which they confided to their intimates, one being to travel over this country in an automobile and write their impressions of the different places visited for a syndicate of publications. Noble was to run the automobile and Mrs. Noble was to do the writing.

But after sounding the editors of several magazines on the subject and receiving little encouragement they relinquished the plan. So this boy, a big, hearty, upstanding youth enough, was could not follow his wife into the good sized world of her intellect, whose mind absorbed her slightest suggestion, much as if she had mesmerized him, had to remain at home with her much of the time when he ordinarily would have been at work, giving both personalities a rest and refreshment.

On top of this, in spite of her protestations, Mrs. Suydam did not love the boy deeply. She confided this to a friend on the eve of her marriage. She asked this friend's advice, saying that her mother was opposed to cementing the union, but she still hoped for a reconciliation with Mr. Suydam, but that she, the daughter, would not hear of a return to her former husband, who had obtained an absolute divorce, and that she felt a marriage to Noble would set them right before the world.

Mrs. Noble told this friend that she had an income of \$125 a week, which would support them comfortably while "Billie" continued looking for the elusive job.

"The only man I ever loved or ever will love," she was quoted yesterday as saying on this occasion, "is Walter Suydam, my former husband. It was his indifference that drove me into 'Billie's' company. He's a good boy and bright boy and will get a job sooner or later. Then we'll be free of all this annoyance."

The marriage took place in Jersey City on January 10 before Edward A. Ransom, Jr., justice of the peace. Mrs. White refused to attend, but was represented instead by a lawyer, who saw to it that the ceremony was regular in every way. Noble's father also frowned on this strengthening of his son's union with the woman whom the Noble family had always considered enticed "Fred" away and ruined his life. He was not present.

The couple had moved in the mean time from the single apartment of four rooms on the second floor of the Regina to a double apartment on the third floor, which contained nine rooms and two bathrooms, and was correspondingly more expensive. They spent a good deal of money also in an attempt to divert their minds in the night life of the city, visiting theatres and cafes in taxicabs. It is supposed the wife's income did not suffice to pay all their debts and that she was forced to apply to her former husband for more funds.

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COUPON NO. 64, MONDAY, FEB. 5, 1912.

\$15,450 in Prizes Free

New-York Tribune

BOOKREADERS' CONTEST

My Answers to THE TRIBUNE'S Bookreaders' Pictures of This Date and Number Are:

No. 127.....

No. 128.....

Contestant's Name.....

No.....

City or Town and State.....

CUT ALONG THIS LINE.

Contestants in the Tribune's Bookreaders' Contest must write their answers upon this coupon, which will appear on Page 2 of the Tribune every day during the contest. The complete coupon must be returned by the deadline of the contest. Answers not received by the deadline will not be considered. List of prizes, conditions of the contest and

TO-DAY'S PICTURES APPEAR ON PAGE 5.

Mr. Suydam, who throughout the whole episode has preserved an air of unflinching good will and generosity toward the woman who deserted him, gladly helped her. They remained good friends through it all, but Mrs. Noble felt the humiliation of her attitude, it is thought, and on occasion was impelled to tax her husband with his inability to find employment and relieve the situation.

In this way, it is supposed, developed the quarrel of which Captain Henry heard and the resultant tragedy. Suicide as a solution of life's problems was not a new thought, at least to Mrs. Noble, who confessed to making at least one attempt upon her own life at Blue Point some years ago, following the death of her baby.

RICIDULED MARRIAGE VOWS

Mrs. Suydam Declared She Had Courage of Her Convictions.

Mrs. Walter Lisperand Suydam, Jr., or, as she was at the time of her death, Mrs. Frederick W. Noble, was twenty-eight years old. Her wedding to her first husband was a social affair of importance, for her father, John Jay White, now of Washington, formerly a stock broker in this city, came from a well known New York family, while the Suydams are related to a number of prominent New York families. Robert Fulton Cutting acted as best man at the ceremony, which took place at the Church of the Heavenly Rest. The maiden name of the bride was Louise Lawrence White.

Mrs. Suydam was at that time nineteen years old, while her husband, who was a student at New York University, was two years her senior. He is a member of the New York Yacht Club, the St. Nicholas Society and the Society of the War of 1812. The Suydams lived for a time at No. 5 East 76th street, but after a few years of city life the doctors told young Suydam that his health required that he should keep in the open air as much as possible. Accordingly he purchased a big estate at Blue Point, Long Island.

Mrs. Suydam was a great lover of outdoor life herself, and was a skillful sailor and an expert horsewoman. Her husband's hobby was fishing, and he was after his catches in the company of the men of the South Shore who make their living by the product of their nets and lines. He was accustomed to start on his trips at about 3 o'clock in the morning and to remain away until late in the afternoon. His unusual hours left his wife much to her own devices.

Shortly after her elopement with Noble Mrs. Suydam described herself as "an American woman who stands by the courtesy of her convictions, be they right or wrong." Mrs. Suydam's convictions were, however, elusive. She was fond and, indeed, eager, to outline her point of view in relation to the marriage question, but her theories were not consistent. She never spoke of her husband except in the highest terms and justified her action in leaving him on the ground that they were mismatched.

Her indictment of marriage was that it was a dominating contract, since people promised at the wedding to continue to love each other—a promise which Mrs. Suydam declared to be ridiculous, since no one could be sure of living up to it. Yet, in spite of her theories, she married at marriage with Frederick Noble just as soon as the courts rendered such an action possible.

WOMAN BLAMED BY NOBLES

Family of Young Man Bitter Against Mrs. Suydam.

Frederick W. Noble was twenty-two years old. His father was a plumber, having a shop at No. 44 Tompkins avenue, Brooklyn. The family lived at No. 29 Decatur street during the greater part of the year, but in summer they occupied a small cottage in the village of Blue Point, Long Island.

His acquaintance with Mrs. Suydam was of seven years' standing. When he was a boy of fifteen he was employed by her husband to do the cooking on the yacht Tarragon, which is registered in the squadron of the New York Yacht Club. In this manner he was thrown in company with Mrs. Suydam, and the friendship was continued from summer to summer. Mr. Suydam declared after the elopement that his wife's departure came as a shock to him, as he had never suspected Noble on account of his youth.

Two brothers, Howard and Warren, and a sister, Estelle, completed the Noble family at Blue Point. The Noble family has always expressed itself bitterly against Mrs. Suydam, as it felt she was the aggressor in bringing about the elopement, since she was Noble's senior by six years.

STEAMER CONSOLS GOES DOWN

Wireless Summons Aid, and Crew Is Landed Safely.

Norfolk, Va., Feb. 4.—The British steamer Consols, cotton laden from Galveston for Hamburg, flame-swept in a long, futile race for port, sank early to-day forty miles south of Cape Henry. Her crew of thirty-three men, refugees in the British steamer Castle Eden, were landed at Newport News.

It was another triumph for inter-commissioned ocean craft, for the Castle Eden, headed from Savannah for Danish ports, picked up the wireless call for help from the imperiled crew on the Consols and rushed to their assistance. The battleship New Jersey, on her way north from the Guantanamo drill grounds, also heard the call. The New Jersey sent the first word to shore of the rescue of the men by the Castle Eden after the fire, which had started early yesterday morning off the North Carolina coast, had gained such headway as to imperil the lives of the crew. The revenue cutter Onondaga stood by the burning vessel as it sank. The Onondaga returned to Hampton Roads to-day.

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Fires Many Bullets Through Ceiling Into Rooms of Neighbors—Captured After He Fired Shot Into Abdomen.

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According to Mrs. Charles Mellin, who lived on the floor above the Fortmanns, the jeweller had been acting strangely for several weeks. She is borne out in this by Mrs. Fortmann, who told the police that her husband had been depressed and nervous for a month or more, but that she had attributed it to worry over his troubles. She noticed, however, that with the outbreak of the strikers in the mills at Lawrence, Mass., Fortmann suddenly became more erratic and continually talked about the situation there. Within the last few days any newspaper item telling of the movements of the striking mill workers would be sufficient to set the jeweller off into a terrific fit of rage. He was especially bitter against the strikers and declared that they all "ought to be shot."

About 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon Mrs. Mellin was in her kitchen, which is directly over the basement occupied by the Fortmanns. With her was her seven-year-old daughter, Lucy. They were preparing supper and talking together as they moved about the room, when the quiet was suddenly shattered by a wild yell from the room under them and two bullets ploughed upward through the wooden floor. Two jets of plaster puffed out of the ceiling above their heads, and before they could even run out of the room another yell arose from the room below and four more bullets ripped up through the floor in quick succession.

Mrs. Mellin and her daughter raced out of the house screaming. As they ran they saw Mrs. Fortmann run round the corner of the house, thinly clad and crying that her husband was insane and was shooting in all directions. Mrs. Mellin found Patrick Murphy, who hurried around to the basement, was what was happening and sent in a call for the reserves. Then with Patrolman Patrick Walton, a young policeman, who had been on the force only six weeks, he sneaked around the house and started through a narrow alleyway toward the rear door leading into the basement.

As the two men worked their way through the narrow passage between the house and the basement door a bullet suddenly whistled through a small window opening into the basement and narrowly missed Murphy's head. The two men hurried around to a storm door protecting the basement entrance and entered it to try the door. Instantly the sash was shattered by a fusillade of bullets from within, and the two men heard Fortmann yell, "I'll kill you both!"

At that moment Walton, who had raised his club to break the glass, had it split cleanly in halves by a bullet and a moment later he dropped with a bullet in the side. Murphy seized the young man and dragged him out of the doorway and around to the front of the house. From there he was hurried to Christ Hospital in an ambulance.

By this time the reserves had begun to arrive and the search for the man, who had fired the wild yells of the jeweller as he fired shots at the windows and ceiling. They did not wish to shoot the man and, on the other hand, could not expose themselves needlessly.

All kinds of strategy were tried, but Fortmann was never off guard and kept his revolver working ceaselessly. After about two hours of this, however, some of the men, who had great credit for their courage, listened, heard two shots, and then the sound of a thud on the floor, like that of a falling body, followed by groans. They immediately jumped up and broke in the door. Inside they found Fortmann lying in a corner, with a bullet hole through his left hand and another in the abdomen. He was carried out of the basement and placed in a Christ Hospital ambulance where he was placed in a room next to that of Walton. The injuries of both men are serious.

Inside the basement the police found many bullet holes in the ceiling of the room. In the Mellin kitchen above the ceiling was badly damaged, and china and tinware were broken. The room itself was littered with splinters from woodwork and furniture.

Fortmann, who was later taken to the hospital herself suffering from shock, said that her husband was sitting quietly in the basement room, and when he was taken out of his chair, he blazed away with the revolver and cried out that "he would avenge the strikers' deaths." He ran alone into the room around her, kissed her and told her not to mind, because no one was going to be hurt. He then fired several shots through the ceiling. The hospital doctors said late last night that they hoped Walton would recover, although they did not expect him to live in his back. Fortmann will probably die.

H. B. SHEPARD A SUICIDE

Former Broker Inhales Gas in Hotel at White Plains.

His brother dead, Henry B. Shepard, a retired broker, sixty-seven years old, considered that life held nothing more for him, and yesterday morning he took his own life in the hands of a revolver several months ago, and Henry B. Shepard was connected with the firm at one time. He had suffered some severe financial reverses lately.

As usual, Saturday night he went down to the Orawanup Hotel and met his cronies and had a pleasant hour with them telling and "the stories," as he was called, said he would stay there the night. This was something he had never done before, but no one thought anything about it.

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